



stillness is the master of unrest



Twin Cities T'ai-Chi Ch'uan Studio

Wee Wu-Tang—The monthly e-newsletter

June 1, 2010

From Sifu Ray

What's in Twig MN this month? The best kept secret (not for long), The Olde World Renaissance Faire, <http://www.owrenaissancefaire.com/>, a delightful weekend of fun, fantasy, music, and more!

The Monday and Thursday day classes will be shortened to be from 12:30-2:00 for the Summer.

I'm putting together a Dragon Dancing troupe. We will practice once a month with Master Gin-foon Mark, and try to give our first performance next Chinese New Year. If you are interested to learn one of the parts: Lion-head, the tail, the Buddha/Teaser, or play music, let me know.

Yaseen Hayward is having an Art Show June 17th from 4-6:30 at the Studio, all are invited to see his works created under the guidance of artists Gretchen Dreisbach and Gin-foon Mark.

Remember our fund-raising adventure, Night of Ten Thousand Frolics, this Saturday.

Master Gin-foon Mark's art work is still available for purchase at Sacred Paths (777 Raymond, hours and details at sacredpathscenter.com). Stop in to see his art and buy an amazing masterpiece for an affordable price. Master Mark will also be selling his paintings and prints at MN Karate Supply (3000 White Bear Ave) starting this month.

"Disbelief in magic can force a poor soul into believing in government and business."
-Tom Robbins

frolic (fräl'ik) -*n.* **1** a playful trick; prank **2** a lively party or game **3** merri-ment; gaiety; fun --*vi.* **-icked -icking 1** to make merry; have fun **2** to play or romp about in a happy, carefree way - **frol'-icker n.**



Join us Saturday! Tickets are still available, \$25 each and available at the Studio, online or at the door.

Check out the link on our website to preview the final list of the evening's entertainment and the auction items. Additionally, there will be door prize drawings, a raffle for an Arms & Armor replica sword, Chinese raffles for other items, a prize wheel where EVERY spin wins! Activities include: eating, drinking, socializing, listening to music, watching the show, Tarot readings and Mehndi applications. Don't miss this glorious event!

Portable T'ai Chi by Dennis Kelly

T'ai Chi Practical Application

On a brisk spring day, having spent the morning in a florescent-radiated business meeting, the green grass of Central Park called to me, offering an opportunity to decompress with the solo form. As I turned to Cross Kick, I saw a man slumped against a tree. He was wearing the coat I had left on a nearby bench. The respectable, water resistant, belted trench coat I had shed for the practice had been scooped up and transformed into a shroud over an inert body. Upon closer inspection, I saw the man was cocooned deep inside the garment, his arms in the sleeves. His head was covered with a soiled Mets cap and lobe-length hair spiked out from under it like greasy porcupine quills. The smell of alcohol insulted the air around him. "Hey," I shouted, hoping to get his attention. He didn't flinch. I looked around for help. No one. My cell phone was at the office. I stepped back from the capped man and tried to assess what I was dealing with here. Was he comatose or playing possum? Did I dare pull the coat off him?

Whether home, on business or vacation, I take my T'ai Chi practice everywhere. It provides instant access to exercise and rejuvenation, with no gear required. The masters tell us that the purpose of T'ai Chi is to integrate the discipline and awareness into all facets of our life. The practice should be like water, easily transported and adaptive, without losing its essential nature. Practice and life become one -- a reminder not to compartmentalize T'ai Chi to studio work alone.

I've practiced T'ai Chi in all manner of enclosures: airports, ships, offices, hotels, churches, hospitals and warehouses, as well as in the open environments of beaches, deserts, forests, parks and mountains. Natural settings often enhance our sensitivity and open the senses—to the smell of a nearby honeysuckle, the sweet chirp of invisible birds, the pressure of the wind against our skin or the playful sight of our mirroring shadow. The variable terrain of sand, rocks, hills and water also serves to heighten our awareness of alignment, balance and foot-work.



My preference is to find a secluded spot to practice T'ai Chi. Public settings can add an element of self-consciousness. But typically, the only observer is my ego casting about for recognition. Most people (other than a woman who proffered a prayer card because she thought my ritual satanic) go about their business, with barely a cursory glance in my direction.

This brings me to the man lying under the tree, the one who shares my taste in menswear. Pressed for time and due back under the harsh lights of commerce, I cautiously approached the man, reached into the coat's pocket and adeptly retrieved my plastic hotel key card. I hurried off to my meeting but stopped as I reached the edge of the park and looked back. My newly cloaked friend had regained his feet and was waving at me with Cloud Hands.

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